

# ADOLLIZING:

K

O R,

J. G.

## A Lively P I C T U R E

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## A D O L L - W O R S H I P.

A

POEM in Five CANTO's.

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*La nouveauté en est tout le mérite.*

---



L O N D O N:

Printed for A. DODD at the Peacock without Temple-bar, 1748.

[Price One Shilling.] Duplicate

ADOLESCENCE

O. R.

A Lively Picture

O. P.

ADOLF WORSHI

A

POEM in Two Cantos.

In memory of the soul of man.



Y. O. M. D. 1748.

Printed for A. Dodd at the Royal Library in London, 1748.

[Price One Shilling.]

# P R E F A C E.

**T**H E Title of this Poem is of too singular a nature not to say something by way of Preface in justification of the freedom taken to introduce a new Word into our Language.

Horace very artfully vindicates Varro's and Virgil's taking that liberty, from the example of Plantus and Cecilius, who had been allow'd it; and justifies himself in a right to the same, from the example of Ennius and Cato, who had both enriched their language with several new words.

Were the same address to be observed here, it might be said, that Cowley, Waller and Dryden had as much right to coin words as Shakespear and Johnson; and if our tongue has received fresh graces since from the Spectator's mint, I hope it will not be envy'd me the having set up my forge for the striking only of one single word.

To avail myself still farther of Horace's authority, ---in one place, he says,

---

Si forte necesse est  
Indiciis monstrare recentibus abdita rerum  
Fingere cinctus non exaudita Cethegis  
Contingerit, dabiturque licentia sumpta prudenter.

which shews, that new names must of necessity be given to new discoveries, provided it be done with any tolerable discretion; --- and a little farther adds,

---

Licuit, semperque licebit,  
Signatum praesente note procudere nomen.

which shews likewise the eternal legality of coining new words, provided they are struck at the publick mint.

Another observation of that great Master of Method on this head must not be omitted; — it is where he says, You will ever be most successful in your terms, when from the happy conjunction of two known words, you shall be able to create one entirely new.

As it cannot possibly be decided whether I have succeeded in this article till the publick sentiments of this poem shall be known after the perusal of it, so I must with some impatience wait for their opinion in this matter!

As I am neither writing for reputation nor profit, but merely from the effect of a flight, occasioned by a very singular recent transaction, I am little solicitous about the desiderium of other authors, I mean the success of it. At least, if any little merit should happen to be discovered in the performance, it must be only from the having ventured, at the imminent hazard of my person, to stand forth the champion of the insulted fair against the hero of it, from whose resentment a man of a more timid nature would have every correction to fear.

I do moreover assure the reader, verbo generosi, that the ground-work, from whence the term of adollizing was taken, is a real fact, known to many others as well as myself. The simple fable is this: A person of high distinction failing in his attempt on the virtue of a young lady of great beauty and merit, resolves to enjoy her at any rate, and thereupon has recourse to the extraordinary method here attempted to be described.

The other incidents, I confess, are only introduced for the sake of ornament and moral. It was the only means I could devise to convey a wholesome piece of advice to the young gentleman levelled at, which I hope he will have the grace to take as I intend it, by following the example of his copy Clodius, in the extirpation of bis Claradolla, and by making the same honourable reparation to Venus; otherwise, he may possibly hear from me again, in a manner he will relish yet less, by exposing him by name to the just ridicule of the whole sex.



## A DOLLIZING, &c.

### C A N T O the First.

#### A R G U M E N T.

The invocation—then Love's pow'r we scan,  
O'er the creation, and this system man ;  
Shewing at once its various influence  
O'er human laws, the passions, and each sense ;  
Farther displaying, as the muse directs,  
Its qualities, its causes, and effects ;  
And life's pursuits, the last attempts to prove  
Their ultimate and secret object.—Love.

**F**AV'RITE of Gods and men ! spirit refin'd !  
Thou most important bus'ness of mankind !  
Thou greatest mis'ry, and thou greatest bliss !  
Thou ever-lasting, universal wish !  
Thrice heav'nly impulse ! nature's eldest law !  
All-pow'rful Love ! assist me, muse, to draw !  
Let no obscénity disgrace my lays !  
Where lewd the meaning, there be chaste the phrase !

Let Ovid's softness, all his easy flow,  
 In every line, in every cadence glow !  
 Let every faculty, as in a dream,  
 With double force act on the charming theme !  
 Give it each grace that numbers can impart,  
 And with a thrilling flutter sink it to the heart.

From Love all animated beings spring,  
 Kindly preserving each created thing :  
 The mixt inhabitants of land, sea, air,  
 Love's all-resistless principle declare,  
 Without whose influence we soon shoud see  
 A desart-world, and nature's misery.

Vain civil policies to keep Love down !  
 It knows no law superior to its own :  
 It mocks all human arts, infernal pains,  
 And shame and custom equally disdains :  
 Slyly ! it acts in the religious cell,  
 And makes the saint and sinner both rebell !  
 Old, young, rich, poor, the wise and the unwise,  
 Are all alike attracted by bright eyes :  
 The strong ! propensity breaks out in spite,  
 Confounding all, infringing nature's right.

Love's the first passion of the human breast,  
 The master-spring, and mover of the rest.

For that, revenge and rage alternate burn: [line 10] O  
 For that, we hope, despair, rejoice, or mourn: [line 20] O  
 Thence envy, jealousy, ambition, hate, [line 30] O  
 Fear, pride, and each unrighteous passion date. [line 40] O

Nor less the senses own Love's mighty pow'r, [line 5] O  
 Quick'ning their relish in the am'rous hour: [line 10] O  
 With active Love, the smell how doubly keen! [line 15] O  
 (Beauty's dear odour greedy sucking in!) [line 20] O  
 To hear what transport! and what joy to see! [line 25] O  
 To feel what bliss! and taste—what ecstasy! [line 30] O

Go on, my muse, and still the passion trace, [line 35] O  
 Cause and supporter of the human race. [line 40] O

With quality transmutative Love's dart, [line 45] O  
 Turns with the touch to gold each sordid heart; [line 50] O  
 Gives a bright polish to the ruder mind, [line 55] O  
 And clown, or pedant, renders more refin'd; [line 60] O  
 Into the coward, bravery inspires, [line 65] O  
 And makes more perfect all who feel its fires. [line 70] O

Love is the source of wiles, of folly, wit, [line 75] O  
 Of truth alike productive and deceipt; [line 80] O  
 Cause of foul discom, devastation sad, [line 85] O  
 Of all that's vicious, vicious, good and bad. [line 90] O

Other effects not less surprising flow: [line 95] O  
 Love more than mortal graces does bestow: [line 100] O

Perfection all! the fancy once impress'd,  
 Gives marble firmness to a flabby breast;  
 The sounds of angels to a screech-owl's cry;  
 A diamond-lustre to a whiting-eye;  
 Iv'ry to teeth of *Aethiopian* hue,  
 And ruby lips to those of livid blue;  
 Gives youth to wrinkles, and (still stranger thine,)  
 Of a meer sink creates a paradise.  
 To sum the whole, still guided by the nine,  
 What other powers shall we to Love assign?  
 In all the avocations of mankind,  
 Love's still the darling object of the mind:  
 Whether the tyrant lusts for fierce control,  
 Or conquer'd worlds engrosses the victor's soul:  
 Whether the statesman, big with publick cares,  
 The crabbed treaty, or debate prepares:  
 Whether the churchman cringes for a fee,  
 Or poring lawyer drudges for a fee:  
 Whether the soldier braves a hard campaign,  
 Or vent'rous merchant hazards all for gain:  
 Whether the sailor ploughs the boisterous deep,  
 Or miser, o'er his hoards, forgets to sleep:  
 Whether the epicure the globe lays waste,  
 For every nicety to pamper taste:

Whether the beau, exotic, tho' at home,  
 Flutters the mimic ape of *France* and *Rome* :  
 'Tis all for Love, superlative delight !  
 We eat, drink, starve, die, trade, pray, plead and fight :  
 Let wealth, or honours, crown our care, or sense,  
 In Love we seek our better recompence :  
 To be more pleasing in some fair one's eye,  
 There will our secret satisfaction lye :  
 Whate'er we do, in whate'er sphere we move,  
 Examine well—at bottom, all is Love.

**F**

By all agree, Love's a blessed thing,  
 Tho' imaging'd pleasure impish, &c. first fierce delight

Like living, living, nay, flitting, flying life

Thro' various changes, like a tide

With various eye, down ready, ready, ready, ready



The age of generation

This living life, to durst, nay, to bold

I call it Love, when glory, undervoid :

Thus to the body is stolne conuinc'd ;

But poor bastards of body and the mind,

Number's a two-fold, nay, more, I firs't told

While I fly goes in the liveliest joy :

Present things new come calle in this world's execellence;

**CAN.**

## CANTO the Second.

## ARGUMENT.

The cause of Love--and Love and Lust defin'd,  
 And which most actuates the human kind;  
 Instant'd in Clodius, whom, as went the muse  
 The hero of the verse vouchsafes to chuse;  
 His person and his character displays,  
 A lively picture of these wanton days,  
 Painting his boundless appetite to rove,  
 Till, sick of Lust, he truly falls in Love.

**F**R OM the quick flight, and fancy's subtle laws,  
 By all agreed, proceeds Love's premier cause.

Th' imagin'd charms imbib'd, strait fierce desire,  
 Like livid light'ning, flashes liquid fire,  
 Thro' various channels rushing like a tide,  
 With furious eye, down head, breast, back and side,  
 In its all-thrilling course to Love's dear seat,  
 The act of generation to complete.

This liquid fire, or quintessence of blood,  
 I call it Lust, when grossly understood :  
 Lust to the body is alone confin'd ;  
 But Love partakes of body and the mind,  
 Imparts a two-fold, and more lasting joy,  
 While sated Lust does in the instant cloy ;  
 Love finds new taste in the soul's excellence ;  
 Lust all enjoyment terminates in sense.

So with the brute creation does it fare :  
They ease themselves, and end, exhausted, these asb on T  
Eager and trembling to the act they comen & ame etc.  
Loll with their tongues, and jaws expanded foam, i on O  
Their blood will scald, and nerves more turgid grow, iW  
These, these in common with proud man they know, o.I  
Who ask but these, mere action, and mere face, s lo bna  
Remain with me mere brutes of human race, ovl ond nI

Alas ! how few the blissfull union prove bakers o-cret W  
Yet all who lust, profanely call it Love, vorn aid of huA  
While computation shews, I fear, too just, ol 359g H  
For one that loves, a hundred thousand lust, sw eit yd 10

Sure indication of abandon'd times, lrisl vnn lla "

Still private lewdness follows publick crimes, lsl to 1s "

In virtuous ages love, s'er flourish'd most, eg abcd oT "

Which in the more licentious ones is lost, " florru vM "

Then rampant Lust all purer Love disdains, let others teat "

And taints alike the city, and the plains, lo eft-cti 10 "

Boasting it's hayock, void of every sense, llt ed emt to "

Of honour, justice, vows and innocence. --- ro b'wod S "

Thus Vice and Lust in the same center move, on sta I "

While Virtue still goes hand in hand with Love, dw vM "

CLODIUS, descended of a noble race, sro I can't --  
High as the NORMAN can his lineage trace, ols find brA

Is young, gay, handsome, one possessing all  
The dangerous arts to ruin and enthrall;—already he is old,  
Late come from travel; mirror of address, more than might  
One lady's hand with ardor he shall press, never draw back;  
Whisper soft speeches in another's ear, belying bold intent;  
Look dying on a third enchanting fair, in silent shame;  
And of a fourth shall celebrate the praise of his own worth,  
In some love-song, in his own sweet lays;  
Where-e'er he goes, a blazing star he shines, word fails him;  
And to his movements every eye inclines.

His great fore-fathers bid him emulate,  
Or by the way of arms, or the law, or state;  
“ All, all my fame, strait Clodius replies,  
“ Is to stand favour'd in the sex's eyes;  
“ To be the general idol of the fair;  
“ My utmost wishes, and my only care,  
“ Let others seek for glory in a trench;  
“ Or in the cabinet, or on the bench;—  
“ Let me be still, just coming from the glass;  
“ Shew'd for a *Pretty Fellow*, as you pass;—  
“ I ask no more,—there centers all my pride,  
“ My whole ambition, let who will decide.”  
— True Love, with him, is treated as a jest;  
And Lust alone inflames his groser breast!

For every fair one that he sees, he dies ;  
And their backs turn'd, forgets his vows and lyes.  
Tho' idoliz'd by more than half the sex,  
None have the pow'r the libertine to fix.  
All hearts he gains, his own remaining free,  
And ne'er resigns it but in courtesy  
If one to day seems mistress of his soul,  
The next, he owns another's fair controul ;  
Who in her turn (her pow'r of charming lost)  
Finds herself scorn'd for some succeeding toast.

Modish in principle, he takes delight  
To laugh at HYMEN, and each sacred rite ;  
Nor cares a straw, his morals so deprav'd,  
How God is worship'd, or what Land's inflav'd :  
Give him his ruling passion and his whim,  
POP'RY and SLAV'RY are alike to him.

Glutted with conquests o'er the easy fair,  
He more than savage mocks their wild despair,  
Courting, undoing, quitting all by turns,  
Until with honourable Love he burns.  
And in revenge, at last by CUPID caught,  
The wanton rover's punish'd as he ought ;  
His proud heart yields, nor longer Love disdains,  
But justly sighs in CLARABELLA's chains.

CANTO

## CANTO the Third.

## ARGUMENT.

The character of Clarabella shewn,  
And the enamour'd Clodius love-sick grown :  
His hopes and fears alternately display'd,  
And fruitless pains to win the charming maid ;  
And how, since nought, the cruel fair will move,  
Inventive Wit supplies despairing Love ;  
By which the reader easily will frame  
From whence the term of Adollizing came.

**O**F noble birth, possess'd of every grace,  
Beauteous in mind, as well as form and face.  
Tho' young not thoughtless, nor yet vain tho' fair,  
Tho' born for conquest, conquest not her care :  
Her manners gentle, free from pride of blood,  
And altho' great, not blushing to be good :  
Her virtue unaffected, gaily grave,  
Taking all pleasures, but to none a slaye ;  
Nor yet so modish quite, as to decry  
The good old truths of Christianity.

Such CLARABELLA, pattern of her sex,  
Whom all admire, and lewdness' self respects.  
Her CLODIUS sees, and seeing, strait Love's fires  
Light-up his soul to new, unknown desires.

Such as his breast had never felt 'till now,  
As Æther pure, and as the needle true:  
No gross ideas with his wishes mix,  
And only HYMEN now his bliss can fix.  
A being more than mortal she appears,  
And, the first time, he now knows hopes and fears:  
His past success with hundreds he'd undone,  
Makes him conclude the fair already won,  
And that his Love he has but to impart,  
To force return from her defenceless heart;  
But when his virtue with his vice he weighs,  
Th' alarming opposites some doubts will raise,  
And 'spite of all his vanity, and pride,  
Presuming hope into despair subside.

Foreboding truth, th' allotted time was come,  
And slighted Love was now to be his doom:  
Now, in his turn, he was to feel those woes,  
Of which, in others, he had been the cause.

With tenderest ardor he his flame confess'd,  
Nor saw the hop'd impression in her breast:  
Surpriz'd, he saw no charming flutter heave,  
But calm indifference does his Love receive:  
Month after month he sighs his passion o'er,  
Yet still she hears with coldness as before.

Rebuff'd not here, to steal into her grace; till as long  
 As he haunts assiduous every public place;  
 Where-e'er she goes, thither he's sure to fly, his love on.  
 And lavish on her his soft charity; still some regard.  
 Still some distinguish'd deference he pays; still some regard.  
 Still is she proof against all he does, or says; still some regard.  
 Letter on letter, every art he tries; still some regard.  
 Yet still his suit the cruel fair denies.

Not all his person, nor polite address,  
 Can from her draw the eager sought-for, yes, to follow.  
 Neither his splendid fortune, nor his birth,  
 Can varnish o'er his want of genuine worth.  
 To all the body can make boast, she grants no pride,  
 But what she deems more beautiful, he wants no pride.  
 Without a moral, or a sense of shame,  
 He wants what most would recommend his flame.  
 That lasting cement of the marriage state,  
 A virtuous mind, to make the bliss complete.  
 Abandon'd thus to the first female frown,  
 And made the subject of a smiling town,  
 Proving withall, now sick of all delights,  
 Anguish of mind, distraction, sleepless nights,  
 Pallid

Pallid dejection, every anxious care,  
 And every pang that waits upon despair  
 Nor yet, without her, able to sustain  
 A life grown hateful by her fix'd disdain,  
 Strait he resolves upon a vile resource,  
 To have his brutal ends by fraud, or force.

Failing in these---(the heav'n-protected maid  
 Remaining still unstolen, unbetray'd,) {  
 He calls invention to his wanton aid.

Woman, cries he, when man's neglect denies,  
 With mimic art the real thing supplies:  
 When of dear copulation she despairs,  
 At once a dildo softens all her cares.

Oh thou creative pow'r! whose fertile thought  
 Can raise a solid entity from nought,  
 Do thou some kind expedient point to me,  
 May lessen **CLEARABELLA**'s cruelty;  
 Make more supportable my rigorous fate,  
 And in some measure her disdain defeat.

'Tis found, he cries, the lucky thought is hit,  
 Strait let me put in act th' inventive wit.

With this, a *Doll*, by new mechanic aid,  
 As big as life, he artfully has made;

**C**ame aid in this **He** Re-

Resembling CLARABELLA's every grace,  
In stature, shape, in dress as well as face  
For this, a groupe of different trades employ'd  
Their various skill to frame the curious toy;  
While that dear fortress all delight to storm,  
A LATIAN artist undertook to form.

On the arch'd mount, just o'er the cloven parapet,  
A tuft of hair he fixes with nice art,  
Of CLARABELLA's colour, golden hue,  
In sweet abundance tempting to the view,  
A seven-inch bore, proportion'd to his mind; in  
With oval entrance, all with sprung helms, to  
Which warmly mollify'd, his fit soul us'd  
And with the sought-for consequence produce.

Fir'd with th' invention, CLARABELLA's eager heart  
Instantly tries the sweet experimental fire  
Stretch'd on a couch, CLARABELLA lay'd  
(For so he call'd the figure newly made,) to  
Her cloaths uplifted, bare her legs and thighs,  
And all exposed, he feasts his ravish'd eyes on it.  
Prostrate before the secret seat of bliss,  
The room resounds with evry fervent strife,  
And fancy fir'd, all CLARABELLA's charms as yet  
He thinks he now possesses in his arms.

With

With this, fierce back the supple joints he flings,  
 And his proud marters to a level brings,  
 When after the injection as above,  
 With eager efforts he begins to move:  
 Then breathing quick, just rushes thro' each vein,  
 And for that time concludes the filthy scene.

" Henceforth, he scarce no longer shall I bane

## CANTO the Fourth

" There is the legend, the custom comes

" For this is the custom! A R G U M E N T

" My OVALDOLIA VIV  
*The frequent Adoll-worship Clodius pay'd,*  
*And his big triumphs on success display'd;*  
*With his imprements on th' audacious scheme,*  
*Still more dishon'ring beauty's bright supreme;*  
*Concluding, in abhorrence of such trade,*  
*With an apostrophe to Venus made,*  
*For the gross insult, and indignity*  
*Offer'd to her, and all the sex thereby.*

" Appear'd before me with her I care,

" Perfectly answ'ring Clodius' ugliest wish,

" Oft as his CLARABELLA prompts desire,

" He fails not to extinguish that the grey world,

" And the same ADOLE WORSHIP play again,

" Nor dreams of vengeance for the odious signiglubal

: Thus did the good old man say.

Far other thoughts than exulting swain employ;  
 He gives a loose to triumph and to joy;  
 And while he CLARABELLA's scorn defies,  
 Proclaims the rare discovery to the skies.  
 Columbus' self could not be more elate  
 Than he, for this successful turn of fate.

" Henceforth, he cries, no longer shall I prove  
 " The poignant tortures of despairing Love!  
 " There is the remedy, the certain cure  
 " For all that wretched Lovers can endure!  
 " My CLARADOLLA yields me kind relief,  
 " And puts a period to my future grief:  
 " What CLARABELLA glories to deny,  
 " She, thrice more bounteous, shall my wants supply:  
 " With pleasing fury not to ask in vain,  
 " From her, no coyness, fickleness, disdain:  
 " Whatever liberties with her I take,  
 " No silly scruples will she idly make,  
 " But unfeeling and complacent still,  
 " Be all obsequious to my wanton will:  
 " Nor know you scarce the real from what feigns,  
 " When the hot blood runs boiling thro' the veins.  
 Indulging thus his false-consoling woes,  
 His secret hopes will rid the cause:

Contrivance bles'd ! the lucky means present'd  
To force his CLARABELLA to consent.

One morn, before his levee, ope he flings  
The door o' th' bedchamber, and thither brings  
The CLARADOLLA; placing the mock dame  
Full in the view of every one that came,  
When thund'ring up, after each other ran  
A laughing knot of rake-hells to human A son ysm I  
In, in they bolt; he, as caught unawares,  
In feign'd confusion to the door repairs, son noV  
Swift on the castors pushes in madam slow A  
And to give greater credit to the sham, son ab 10  
Quick turns the lock, and Ease the key commands,  
E'er they could snatch it from his cautious hands.  
Strait, strait to CLARABELLA's form they swear, A  
Her face, her shape, her dress as well as air: uI  
In vain they seek conviction—ne'ertheless, C  
He, by dark hints, confirms them in their gues: and T  
Now to his wish, the foul report they spread,  
They've seen her just where Cronus has his bed;  
The very day, the very hour they name,  
In vile detraction of her virtuous fame.  
Th' injurious slander for a while prevail'd,  
But, like all slander, of itself it fail'd:

Soon did her virtue triumph o'er his spite,  
And Phœbus-like, just & cloudless, shine more bright.

CLODIUS, thus baffled, started a fresh theme,

How to improve the Quarrel of scheme & art.

" May I not gratify, enquiring, this  
The Carrabolla, which is the best?

" That darling passion, sweet variety of wile  
In the view of all."

" Is there a wasted beauty, if it please your hands now?"

" I may not ADDOLIZIB with equal ease," Augustus A

" Change but the heads of such VENUS will rise, in all

" Not, not addolizib, but to ADDOLIZIB first in

" A whole Seraglio will then prepare, and no firm

" Of the most celebrated British fairies evig or bna

" By thund'ring Jovah there's not a charming face

" But shall my galleries mind my slofets grace yet

" A prime collection will I order strait, or just, if you

" In just revenge for CARABELLA's hate?"

Goddess of graces! and superior charms! now in

Thrice radiant brightness! lift to my alarmes by the

Daughter of Jove, all-beautiful queen of Love!

Say, does not this youth indignation move to

Can you without abhorrence, VENUS, see the very

So gross an outrage and indignity so furnish'd evill in

New, matchless crime! the Gods for vengeance call!

Yourselves, and the whole sex, insulted all the world over

Shall not some signal punishment o'er take  
The bold offender, and licentious rake?

If such be spar'd, HYMEN will sink yet more,  
And maids and widows much increase in store;  
The dame her stallion cannot pick and chuse,  
And DAURIAN nymphs their commerce too will lose.

E'er then the practice into custom grows,  
And the dread poison spreads among the beaux,  
Rouze, sea-born goddess! your resentment shew!  
Strike, strike the wretch with more than mortal blow! T  
Oh, make a common cause! our own make ye first  
Unworthy manhood, crop his virile pow'rs  
With impotency feize him! or tend down  
Such other curse thall befit your brawns!

## CANTO the Fifth.

## ARGUMENT.

The punishment which Venus sends display'd,  
With all the odds by suff'ring Clodius made  
To appease her ire; and t' expiate errors past,  
On what just terms he gains his point at last.

**CLODIUS** no sooner had his closets grac'd  
With CLARADELLA's to his wanton taste,  
Than spiteful VENUS, running o'er with gall,  
Inspires him with a laughing for them all,  
And in proportion, the revengeful dame,  
For CLARABELLA irritates his flame.

No more his senses now can brook the cheat:  
See, see them all to dusty ruin beat!

Cast to the wind! with such aversion ta'en,  
Not the least atom will he let remain.

By CLARABELLA, if enslav'd before,  
He feels a heart now captive ten times more:

The odious contrast w<sup>t</sup> the soul alarms,  
And gives thrice-added lustre to her charms:  
For ever present to his aching sight,  
It racks his thoughts by day, and dreams by night.

She now appears to his comparing mind,  
A Being truly of celestial kind :  
One fit companion of the sacred nine,  
A goddess, angel, something all divine :  
Detesting one, the other he adores,  
And as to heav'n for *mis'ricorde* implores.

In vain, in vain, determin'd in her hate,  
She still persists, regardless of his fate :  
Not all his friends, not all his pungent woes,  
Can bring the wretched *Cleobius* sought repose :  
In spite of what the world, or he can urge,  
VENUS still suffers her to be his scourge !

Distracting circumstance ! dilemma sad !  
By his keen buff'ring driv'n almost mad,  
What shall he do ? How ease corroding care ?  
Shall acts of rashness end his wild despair ?  
Conscious the judgment springs from VENUS' rage,  
He first attempts her anger to assuage,  
And in lamenting, pity-moving strains,  
Thus to th' offended goddess he complains :

" Oh ! you, that us'd in all my Love-pursuits,  
" To crown my wishes with more happy fruits,  
" Why do you thus abandon to despair ?  
" Your fav'rite once, and idol of the fair ?

" Am I to live a wretch ? the sport of fate ?  
 " For ever doom'd to CLARABELLA's hate ?  
 " Say, what has drawn this vengeance on me down ?  
 " And teach me how t' appease your awful frown !  
 " If e'er to perpetrate a base design,  
 " By ravishment I sought to make her mind oblique  
 " If by a scandalous device I strove  
 " To sacrifice her Fame to brutal Love :  
 " If at th' expence of every thing that's dear,  
 " I hop'd to force compliance from the fair :  
 " If by the foulest fraud I sought t' obtain  
 " What I despair'd by worthier means to gain :  
 " If I have e'er profan'd your sacred rites,  
 " And pay'd keen worship to more gross delights ;  
 " If CLARADOLLA's have supply'd the place  
 " Of flesh and blood's more natural embrace ;  
 " If here I sinn'd, if here is my offence,  
 " See me affected with the deepest sense !  
 " My vile transgressions I behold with shame,  
 " And contrite horror shudders all my frame ;  
 " Repentant vows come popping from my heart !  
 " And own my acting a detested part  
 " For all past vices let me then alone !  
 " And happier live for virtuous Love alone !

" For-ever I renounce, thrice injur'd queen !  
 " Th'idolatry of Love's abhorrent scene !  
 " If to my former courses I return,  
 " I ask no favour, endless let me burn  
 " With Love ungratify'd ; but if sincere,  
 " Accept, bright goddess, of your convert's pray'r,  
 " All your soft influence to his wishes lend,  
 " And his too-long-rejected suit befriend !"

From him this language VENUS, pleas'd to hear,  
 Gracious inclines a favourable ear :  
 Now the abandon'd debauchee repents,

The angry goddess in return relents ;  
 No longer to his passion now a fit  
 She takes compassion of his love-sick woe,  
 And CLARABELLA's frozen heart insinues,  
 Till now unfelt, with Love's more genial fires.

She sees the alter'd CLODIUS with surprize,  
 And lauds the change with pleasure in her eyes ;  
 Till by degrees, as stronger proofs appear  
 Of reformation lasting and sincere,  
 Love, Love confirm'd, her gentle bosom heaves,  
 And all its tender influence receives :  
 No more with hatred CLODIUS she pursues :  
 Nought he can ask her, can she now refuse :

Compliance all, the happy day she names,

To give completion to their mutual flames.

Uniting thus, two wide extremes they prove,

The jarring opposites of Hate and Love.

11 7 19

With love made ugly; but it sweet;

With pride to lowly;

All lost for ignorance of life will be lost;

Aud **F I N I S H**!

From this language Men's hearts to pierce,

Quicken incense a example set:



And Creativity; from

Will now unfold with voice of the country user.

Thus the artful Croesus with tributaries

that have the capsule with pleasure in fact chose;

With pleasure, satisfaction better

O regeneration; fitting sety success;

poor, poor, confirming; yet gentle people please;

thus the artful

more with party of Croesus like tumults:

whose in the sun the past can the now tellings: